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| #1  Others taunt me with having knelt at well-curbs  Always wrong to the light, so never seeing  Deeper down in the well than where the water  Gives me back in a shining surface picture  Me myself in the summer heaven godlike  Looking out of a wreath of fern and cloud puffs.  Once, when trying with chin against a well-curb,  I discerned, as I thought, beyond the picture,  Through the picture, a something white, uncertain,  Something more of the depths--and then I lost it.  Water came to rebuke the too clear water.  One drop fell from a fern, and lo, a ripple  Shook whatever it was lay there at bottom,  Blurred it, blotted it out. What was that whiteness?  Truth? A pebble of quartz? For once, then, something.  #2  I range the fields with pensive tread,  And pace the hollow rooms,  And feel (companion of the dead)  I’m living in the tombs.  #3  Lucky in love, lucky in love  Didn’t forget me when I asked you to leave me  Didn’t forget me  Now you’re alongside me  You’ve brought luck to love  I’ve been hit by a truck in love. | #4  “Every time we get a big gale around here  some people just refuse to batten down.”  we estimate that  ice skating into a sixty  mile an hour wind, fully exerting  the legs and swinging arms  you will be pushed backward  an inch every twenty minutes.  in a few days, depending on  the size of the lake,  the backs of your skates  will touch land.  you will then fall on your ass  and be blown into the forest.  if you gather enough speed  by flapping your arms  and keeping your skates pointed  you will catch up to other  flying people who refused to batten down.  you will exchange knowing waves  as you ride the great wind north.  #5  (A)  I’m looking at a picture of Jesus on the wall.  I would have totally dated Jesus.  Love that beard.  Too bad he’s dead.  (B)  Ok, Ok my friends.  I know Jesus is not dead.  I’m saying that the fact his body  has ‘risen from the dead’  makes him un-datable. |

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| #6  A breeze nudges the empty aluminum boat  as it drifts at the end of its rope  its lightness wallowing within it like a fat man  who has fished all day and fallen asleep  and is dreaming of when he was a little boy  and weighed no more than a plastic bucket.  Years of floating alone, fishing far  from the tourist cabins shining like rivets  along the water’s edge, have bleached the blue  from his overalls and denim shirt.  His face has the flat gray sheen of a man  with a failing heart, but he is all lightness now,  and tethered only gently to this world. | #7  I am convinced  That if all mankind  Could only gather together  In one circle  Arms around each other’s shoulders  And dance, laugh and cry  Together  Then much  of the tension and burden  of life  Would fall away  In the knowledge that  We are all children  Needing and wanting  Each other’s  Comfort and  Understanding  We are all children  Searching for love |